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A

NEW-YEAR OFFERING ;

FOR

THE QUEEN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

" I would not trifle, merely, though The World
Be loudest in their praise who do no more."

COWPER.

WOODBIDGE :

1847.

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MOST
GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY
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TO THE QUEEN ;
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HER KIND AND INDULGENT
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INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN ! when I framed
Lays from "HOUSE-HOLD" feelings named ;
To inscribe my Book to Thee,
Was no sordid boon to me !

When my Muse, on Ocean's shore,
Culled, amid' the breakers' roar,
Wreaths of "SEA-WEED" as her spoil,
Thy kind smile, re-paid my toil.

Now she would record in Rhyme,
One more solemn birth of TIME !
Charge me not with vain conceit,
When I lay it at Thy feet.

Time must witness, in the end,
For us all as Foe, or Friend ;
Wouldst Thou have him *not* Thy foe,
Make Him “ *bless Thee—ere he go !* ”

As The Patriarch did of old,
Wrestle Thou ! in meekness bold ;
Over Time—each Victory won,
Shall out-last Earth, Sea, and Sun !

These, alike, confess His sway ;
And, with Him, must pass away ;
But THY *better Crown* on high,
WON—SHALL WEAR ETERNALLY !

BERNARD BARTON.

A NEW YEAR OFFERING.

I.

ONCE more hath Time's revolving flight,
Which knows no stop, and brooks no stay,
From busy day, or silent night,
Brought us another "New Year's Day :"
And I, who oft, with votive Lay,
Have heralded the new-born Year,
Once more feel bound my debt to pay,
Although with trembling, and in fear.

II.

For who that has attained three score,
And upwards,—glancing to The Past,
Conning The Future, too, once more,
And conscious that Life's sands ebb fast,
While clouds his evening sky o'er-cast ;
But well may feel—that as to all
An hour must come, of Life *the last* !
Night's shadows soon may round him fall.

III.

But this must be as God shall will !
Suns rise, and set ; Moons wax, and wane ;
Stars hold their onward courses still ;
And ebbs, and flows, the mighty Main ;
The trees, now leafless on the plain,
Shall bud, and blossom with The Spring ;
And Summer deck with flowers again,
Valley, and hill, where wild birds sing.

IV.

Hope springs perpetual in the breast,
That one more Year may yet be ours ;
And though *this* cannot be our rest,
Life's roughest paths have still their flowers ;
E'en through the cloud that darkest lours
Some gleams of sunshine find their way ;
The dreaded storm goes off in showers,
And, once more, all around looks gay.

V.

Hence, e'en in Seasons dark and drear,
When Winter binds the frozen Earth,
By many a blazing fire we hear
The blythesome laugh of joyous mirth :
And, round the cheerful House-hold hearth,
The kindly wish, the look, the word,
Called forth in spite of Nature's dearth,
Are kindling, as a fire just stirr'd !

VI.

It is The Season of the Year
When thoughts and feelings, apt to roam
While groves are green, and skies are clear,
Up-gather, and unfold at Home !
In lowly hut, or lordly dome,
Greetings of glee are inter-changed ;
E'en wanderers on the salt sea-foam,
From kindred seem no more estranged.

VII.

They gaily trim their Cabin fire,
And think of those—who, by the light
Of their own hearths, now blazing higher,
To hail this festal day, and night,
With many a jocund New-Year rite,
And thoughts nor tide, nor time can stem,
Their home-bound memories *now* requite,
And turn, instinctively, to them.

VIII.

Hail to the time ! when social joys,
In which the humblest have their part,
Give birth to bliss which seldom cloy,
But binds more closely heart to heart :
And if unbidden tears may start
At gaps, by death, or absence riven ;
In better hearts to heal their smart,
A Christian's humble hopes are given.

IX.

What marvel, then, if at this time,
To English hearts, in grief, or glee,
Hallow'd by many a midnight chime,
Brighten'd by many a Holly-Tree,
With its green leaves, and berries free
To glisten in Home's happy smiles,
My heart should fondly turn to THEE,
Who rulest o'er our Sea-girt Isles ?

X.

For never, in the proudest sway,
Erst to imperial Rome assign'd,
Could e'en her Emperors display
A richer mastery over *Mind*,
Heart, *Soul*, or *Spirit* ! ties that bind
In bonds of closest unison,
All that endears us to our Kind,
Than our own ISLAND QUEEN hath won.

XI.

Where are the links that Home endear,
The joys which gladden its fire-side,
More fondly loved, and prized than here ;
Search where you will the World so wide :
Such in their purer bliss, and pride,
Thy CONSORT'S, CHILDREN'S smiles inspire ;
With such is evermore allied
The *Memory* of THY NOBLE SIRE !

XII.

To the true Soul of England's Queen,
In English hearts and homes to live,
And rule such with a sway serene,
Should be a proud Prerogative !
A Wife, a Mother must receive
From Empery so pure, and high,
A joy Courts cannot always give,
Nor Sceptre, Crown, or Throne supply.

XIII.

The Loyalty that owes its birth
To happy hearths—must far transcend,
And boast a higher, purer worth,
Than mere lip-service can pretend ;
For thoughts and feelings with it blend,
Which have their origin above !
And ever to their birth-place tend,
Where Loyalty is based on Love.

XIV.

What then of Happiness terrene,
 Could by kind Heaven awarded be
To Woman, Mother, Wife, or Queen,
 Than, Lady ! seems allotted THEE ?
To live enthroned in breasts as free
 As Home, and home-born joys can share,
Which, like our own engirdling Sea,
 Would guard Thee with a Lover's care.

XV.

Then may this coming Year—to THEE,
 And THINE, with every good be fraught ;
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
 May seeming ill be over-wrought ;
And into such subjection brought
 By God's o'er-ruling Providence,
That skies now dark to boding thought,
 Round Thee may sunny light dispense.

XVI.

In the grave words of Sabbath-Prayer,
May He, the King of Kings, on high,
O'er Thee extend His guardian Care ;
His Holy Spirit's Grace supply ;
With Gifts endue Thee plenteously ;
Grant Thee in health and wealth to live ;
Here—crown thee with true Victory,
Hereafter—Joy eternal give !

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